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Mr. D. A pennyworth of good bread would be infinitely better for you. But have you ever calculated the amount of a penny a day, by the year?

CATTY. Why, then, I never did; nor *never* was any great hand at figures.

Mr. D. For every penny spent in the day, you are to reckon thirty shillings and five-pence a year: in two years this money would purchase a small cow; and I think that your own patch of a garden would enable you to feed her, with the help of a run now and then in one of my fields.

CATTY. That's all true for you, sir; and glad I'd be to have the sup of milk for the childre and my man, but—

Mr. D. But what, Catty?

CATTY. I was thinking of a sister-in-law of mine, that gave up the pipe, and bought a pig with the savings; and the pig had her leg broke, and never did any good till she died—so she might as well have had the satisfaction of the pipe; howsoever this is no maxim to be sure. And surely I'll break myself of the pipe, and see about the *fittings* next week, or the week after.

Mr. D. Now here you are abusing your trust in God. Why not do to-morrow, or this day, what you are postponing without any good reason whatever?

CATTY. Well, then, I will see about it to-morrow; and sure, *God is good*, and may give us another boy to be a help to us in our old age. As for the girls, I wouldn't wish for them at all; they're too chargeable and too brittle; and in the end, if you haven't a couple of cows and feather bed to give them, it's no easy matter to get rid of them.

Mr. D. I can't agree with you in this, Catty. We should not complain nor murmur at the will of Providence in either case; but were I to choose for myself I should prefer a daughter, and I'm surprised that you should not wish for one.

CATTY. Give me the boys for ever; they're the support of a poor body when they grows old.

Mr. D. Not always. Besides *you* have all boys; and you have no notion, when you advance in years, what a comfort a daughter would be to you, especially if well educated; and surely her assistance in preserving neatness and regularity in the house, would be a credit to you, and save you a great deal of trouble; and what a pleasant companion to you, when the men were at work, and how neatly she would make your Sunday gown, and at a leisure hour she would read you some agreeable story out of the books she got as premiums at school, and nurse you in sickness with a degree of fidelity and care, of which women alone are capable. Now, Catty, don't you think all this should make you wish for a daughter?

CATTY. Troth, I can't say agin it; but after all, if I was to die, and to leave her here with the wide world afore her, wouldn't she be worse off than the mankind?

Mr. D. It is to be hoped not, Catty. To use your own favourite expression, *God is good*; and if she were a good and innocent girl, relying sincerely and devoutly on that good God for protection, he would never fail, or forsake her; and then, Catty, your might not die till you saw her comfortably married and settled, perhaps under your own roof, or in your own neighbourhood, with your little grand-children kissing you and coaxing you, and she making their little bibs, and washing their little faces, and having all tidy and nice by the time her husband came home. Many a man well off in the world, would be glad to get a wife of this sort, without the cows or the feather bed, Catty.

CATTY. Sure enough; but still I've a hankering after the boys.

The *very next day* I was informed that Catty was brought to bed of a chopping boy, according to her sanguine expectations; but also, alas! of a puny girl, contrary to her wishes; and that the twins and their mother lay in considerable danger, without the intended *fittings*, or any of the common decencies or comforts which such occasions demand; and all this from bad management, undue procrastination, and an unreasonable and indolent dependence on Providence; contenting itself with crying, '*God is good*,' without seeking for the effects of that goodness, by an humble and devout trust, or aspiring to better their condition, by moral conduct and *honest self-exertion*.

MARTIN DOYLE.

## STANZAS.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

A faint breeze is playing with flowers on the hill,  
The blue vault of summer is cloudless and still;  
And the vale with the wild bloom of nature is gay,  
But the far hills are breathing a sorrowful lay!

As winds on the Clairseach's sad chords when they stream,  
As the voice of the dead on the Mourner's dark dream!  
Far away, far away,—from grey distance it breaks,  
First known to the breast by the sadness it wakes!

Now lower—now louder, and longer it mourns,—  
Now faintly it falls, and now fitful returns:  
Now near, and now nearer, it swells on the ear,  
The wild ulla-lulla—the death-song is near!

With slow step, sad burthen, and wild uttered wail,  
Maid, matron, and cotter wind up from the vale,  
And loud lamentations salute the grey hill,  
Where their Fathers are sleeping—the Silent and Still!

Wild, wildly, that wail ringeth back on the air,  
From the lone place of tombs, as if spirits were there;  
O'er the silent, the still, and the cold they deplore,  
They weep for the Tearless, whose sorrows are o'er.  
J. U.U.

## INTREPIDITY OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

At the commencement of the 18th century, the succession to the crown of Spain was disputed by two claimants, Charles, Prince of Bavaria, son of the Emperor of Germany, and Philip, son of Louis Duke of Anjou. Recourse being had to arms, a war, which cost both parties much as well in blood as in treasure, was carried on for a long time with various success; but, at length, by the famous treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Philip was seated securely on the throne, and the crown of Spain thus became vested in a branch of the house of Bourbon. In the course of the war, the following remarkable instance of intrepidity and daring is recorded to have taken place, which, we think possesses interest for our readers.

In consequence of the defeat at Saragossa, and the very low state to which France was thereupon reduced, Philip greatly apprehended that he should be obliged to relinquish his pretensions. Many of the Spanish nobility preserved a sort of dubious neutrality, and some were even suspected of being secretly in the interest of his competitor, Charles. Among the latter was one most distinguished and influential, the Duke of Medina Celi. To render so powerful a prince inactive, it was deemed, would be almost equal to a victory; but to effect it appeared difficult. In this conjuncture, Sir Patrick Lawless, an Irish gentleman, then a colonel in the French army, boldly tendered his services to carry this important matter into execution, and charged himself singly to secure the person of the Duke. Having previously concerted all his measures, he repaired to the ducal palace, as charged with a special commission from Philip. He invited the Duke to take a walk on a fine terrace, in order to converse the more freely. As the conversation became more interesting, they insensibly rambled to a considerable distance from the suite of the Duke, until they came to a passage which led to the high road, where the colonel had a carriage in waiting. Lawless now changed his tone, and, in a few words, told his highness that he must directly, and without the least appearance of constraint, take a seat in the coach; as he had engaged, at the hazard of his head, to bring him to Madrid, where he would find Philip ready to receive him with open arms. The determined tone with which these words were uttered, the appearance of the man, and, above all, his character for resolution and bravery, induced the Duke to acquiesce, rather than adopt the more dangerous alternative of resistance. They soon arrived at Madrid, where he met with a most gracious reception. The battle of Almanza, which happened some time after, made the Duke deem his visitor his preserver, as well as that of his immense estate. Lawless was raised, in a short time, to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and governor of Majorca; and in the course of a few years, Philip appointed him his ambassador to the court of Versailles.

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